MARVEL

EDMONDSON
GERADS
CLIFT

019

FRANK CASTLE was once a decorated Marine officer, an upstanding citizen and family man. Then his family was violently taken from him when they were accidentally killed in a mob hit. From that day on, Frank Castle shed his old identity and became a force of cold, calculated retribution and vigilantism known as

THE PUNISHER

PREVIOUSLY

After following a chain of political crime and corruption all the way to Washington, D.C. Frank realized his place wasn't cleaning up the government, but cleaning up the streets. So the Punisher returned to Los Angeles and executed drug lord and government puppet Hector Del Sol for all of L.A. to see. His victory was short-lived, as Officer Stone, once a fan of the Punisher, blamed him for the explosion of gang violence in L.A. and beat both Frank and his coyote Loot nearly to death.

Eight months later, it's not just the people of L.A. that are in danger, but the entire planet! As the end draws near Frank faces the death of everything the only way he knows how…

FINAL PUNISHMENT: PART ONE

NATHAN EDMONDSON
writer

MITCH GERADS
art and cover

MITCH GERADS with ANDY W. CLIFT
color

VC's CORY PETIT
letterer

JAKE THOMAS
editor

AXEL ALONSO
editor in chief

JOE QUESADA
chief creative officer

DAN BUCKLEY
publisher

ALAN FINE
exec. producer

© 2015 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

PLAY >

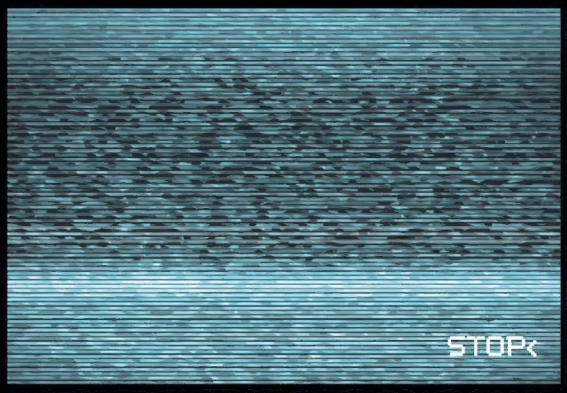
READ.
GO TO HELL.

PTOO

WHUMP

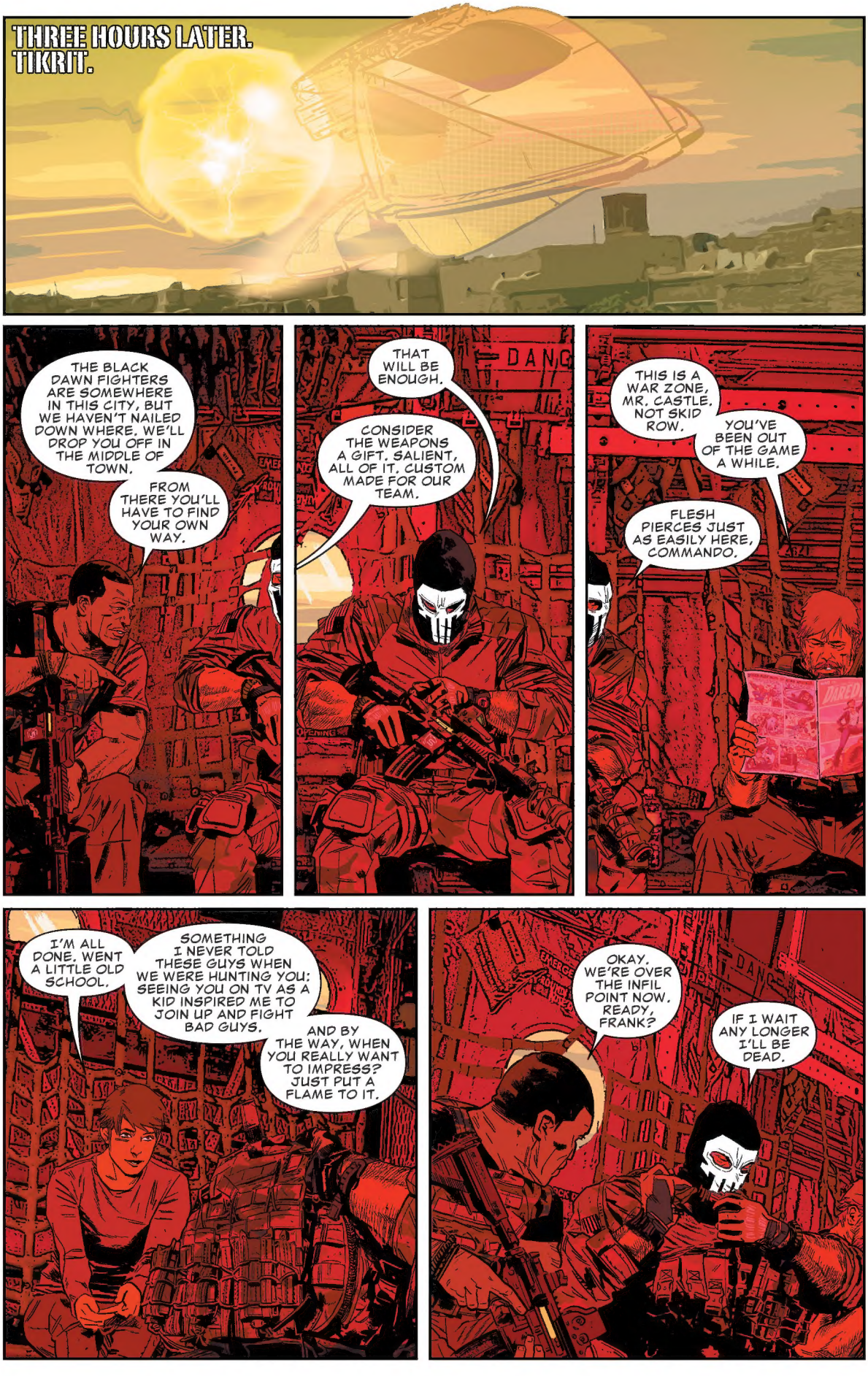
THE PUNISHER WILL FIND YOU. HE'LL KILL ALL OF YOU.

YOU'RE ALL DEAD MEN--

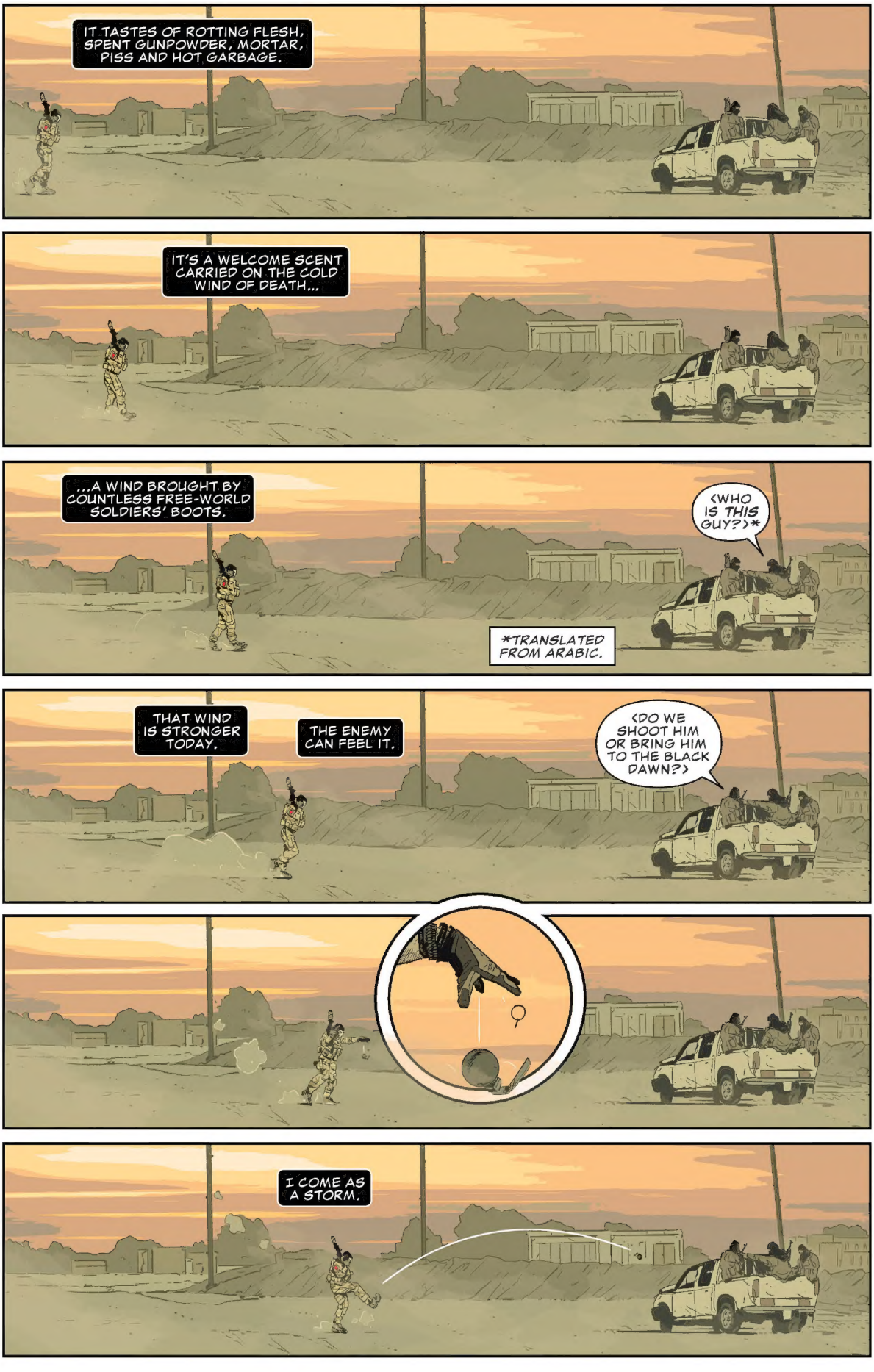

STOP<

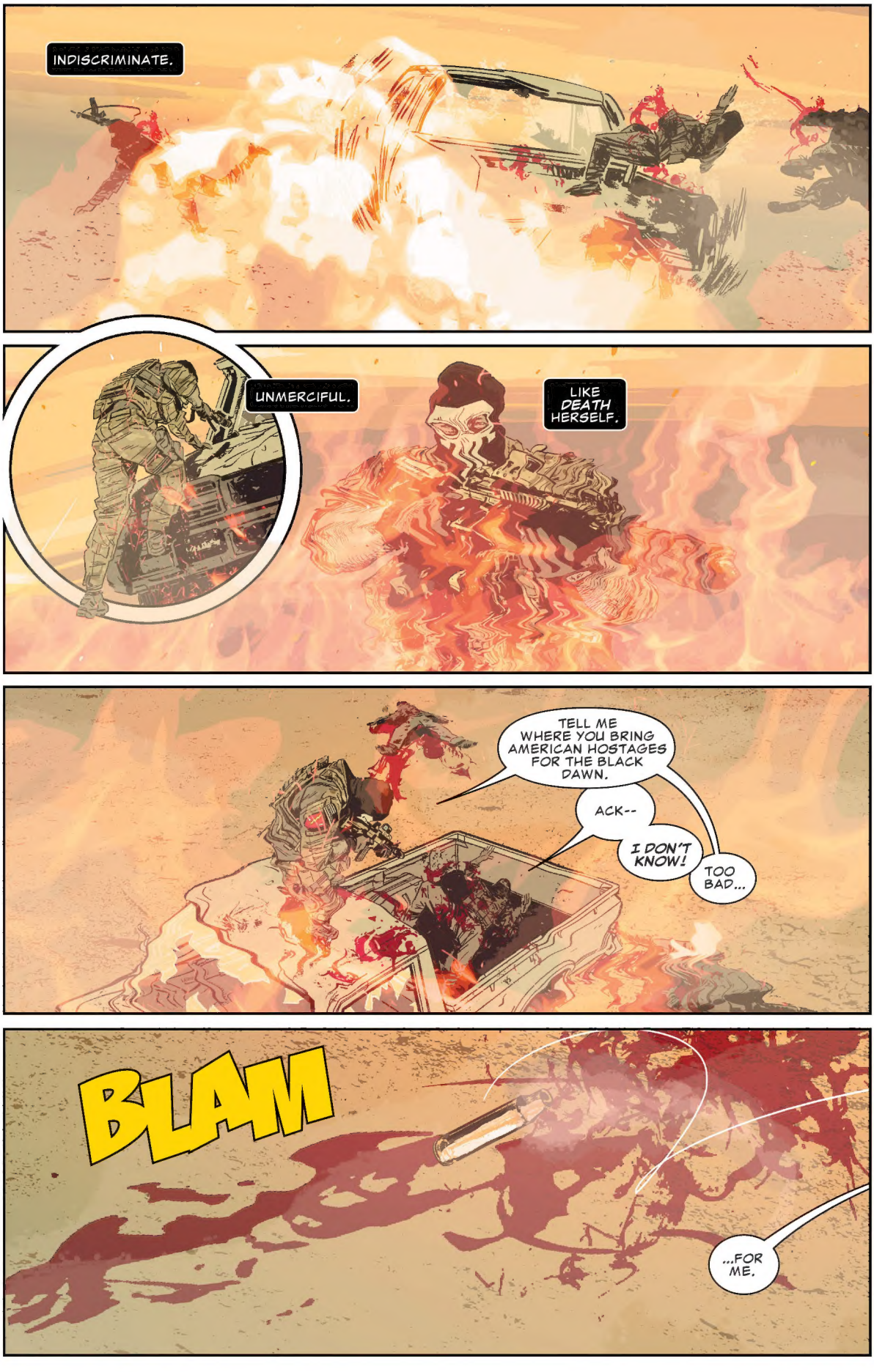
NEW YORK.
NEED A RIDE, SOLDIER?
I KNOW YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF, UH, GOING OUT WITH A BANG.
BETTER THAN A WHIMPER.
BUT I WONDER IF YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN A JOB.
THERE'S SOMETHING I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD SEE.
WHERE IS THIS?
TIKRIT.
THAT'S A LONG WAY OFF.
NOT WITH OUR RIDE. IN ALL THIS TURMOIL YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW EASY IT IS TO MAKE OFF WITH AN EXPERIMENTAL MILITARY HIGH SPEED AIRCRAFT.

SOME PEOPLE SHOULDN'T GET OUT OF THIS LIFE WITHOUT A LITTLE PUNISHMENT, DON'T YA THINK?
THE HOWLING COMMANDOS WOULD BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU THE MEANS.
AND THE RIDE.
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THERE ARE MORE SUPER VILLAINS YOU NEED TO KILL.
THAT PRETTY MUCH WRAPPED UP MY BUCKET LIST.


THREE HOURS LATER.
TIKRIT.
THE BLACK DAWN FIGHTERS ARE SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY, BUT WE HAVEN'T NAILED DOWN WHERE. WE'LL DROP YOU OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN.
FROM THERE YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND YOUR OWN WAY.
THAT WILL BE ENOUGH.
CONSIDER THE WEAPONS A GIFT, SALIENT, ALL OF IT, CUSTOM MADE FOR OUR TEAM.
THIS IS A WAR ZONE, MR. CASTLE. NOT SKID ROW.
YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF THE GAME A WHILE.
FLESH PIERCES JUST AS EASILY HERE, COMMANDO.
I'M ALL DONE. WENT A LITTLE OLD SCHOOL.
SOMETHING I NEVER TOLD THESE GUYS WHEN WE WERE HUNTING YOU: SEEING YOU ON TV AS A KID INSPIRED ME TO JOIN UP AND FIGHT BAD GUYS.
AND BY THE WAY, WHEN YOU REALLY WANT TO IMPRESS? JUST PUT A FLAME TO IT.
OKAY. WE'RE OVER THE INFIL POINT NOW. READY, FRANK?
IF I WAIT ANY LONGER I'LL BE DEAD.

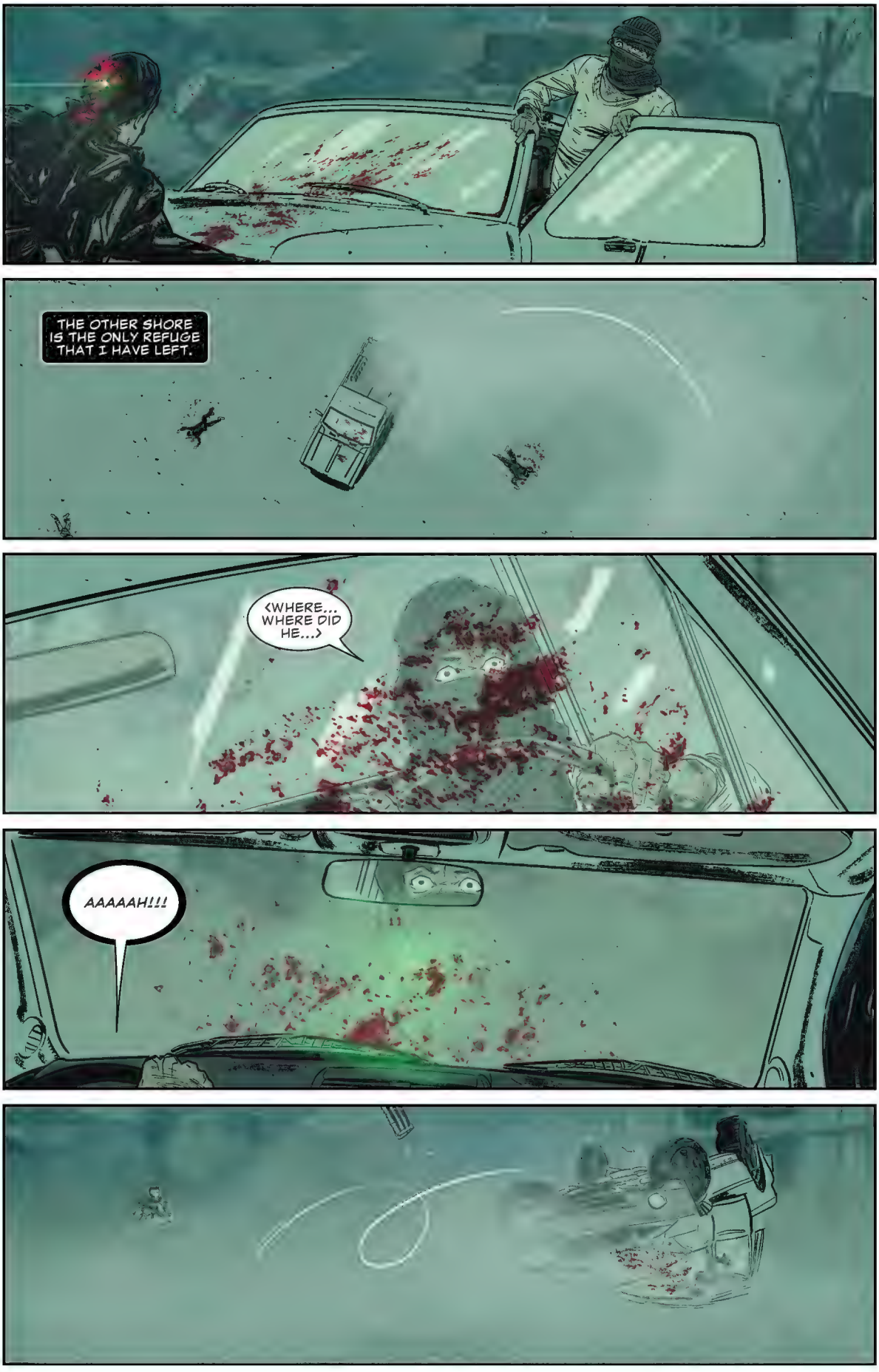
I CAN TASTE WAR.


IT TASTES OF ROTTING FLESH, SPENT GUNPOWDER, MORTAR, PISS AND HOT GARBAGE.
IT'S A WELCOME SCENT CARRIED ON THE COLD WIND OF DEATH...
...A WIND BROUGHT BY COUNTLESS FREE-WORLD SOLDIERS' BOOTS.
<WHO IS THIS GUY?>*
*TRANSLATED FROM ARABIC.
THAT WIND IS STRONGER TODAY.
THE ENEMY CAN FEEL IT.
<DO WE SHOOT HIM OR BRING HIM TO THE BLACK DAWN?>
I COME AS A STORM.


INDISCRIMINATE.
UNMERCIFUL.
LIKE DEATH HERSELF.
TELL ME WHERE YOU BRING AMERICAN HOSTAGES FOR THE BLACK DAWN.
ACK--
I DON'T KNOW!
TOO BAD...
BLAM
...FOR ME.

YOU START WITH THE DRUGS.
AND FOLLOW THEM TO THE END.
WHAM
THEIR END.
I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU BRING AMERICAN HOSTAGES.
MY END IS COMING, TOO.

THE MURKY WATER GROWS INCREASINGLY DARK.
MY OWN VOICE SOUNDS SMALLER AND SMALLER.
THE REST OF HUMANITY FEELS FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY.
PAIN BECOMES A THRESHOLD AND THE WORSE IT IS...
...THE MORE EAGER I AM FOR THE OTHER SIDE.
I'M WADING, PUSHING THROUGH A RIVER OF BLOOD, LOOKING AT THE OTHER SHORE.

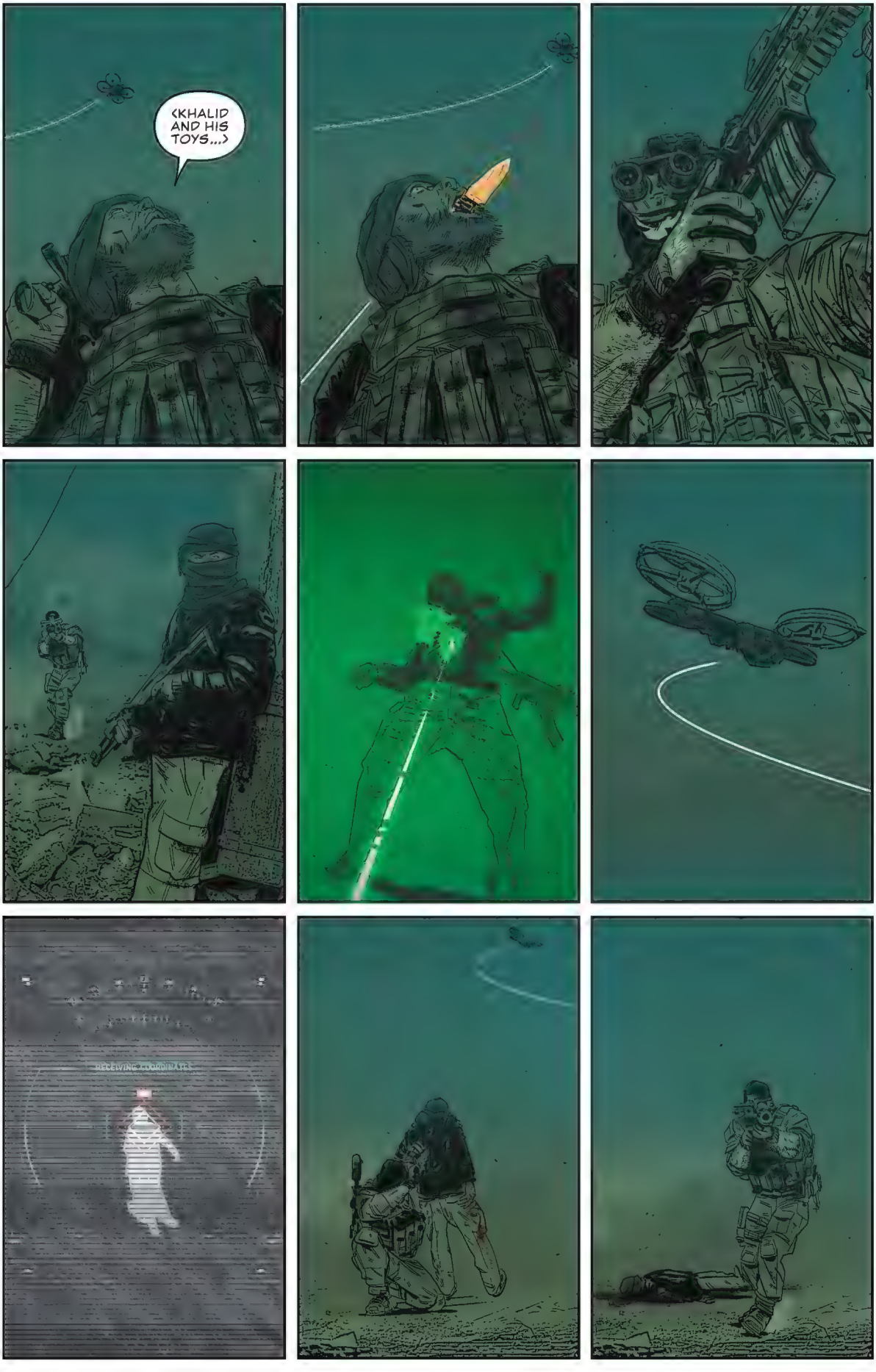

THE OTHER SHORE IS THE ONLY REFUGE THAT I HAVE LEFT.
<WHERE... WHERE DID HE...>
AAAAAH!!!

NOW, FRIEND. YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
LEAVE ME!
THAT'S A YES.
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
I WATCH AMERICAN TV, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
THEN YOU KNOW YOU'LL BE DEAD SOON. WHICH MEANS INTERROGATION SHOULD BE VERY EFFECTIVE.
IT'S ONLY INEFFECTIVE IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMEHOW PROTECTED. THAT SOME LAW IS GOING TO KEEP YOU SAFE IN THE END.
THERE IS NO LAW WITH ME.
SO ASK YOURSELF... HOW MUCH PAIN CAN YOU REALLY TAKE?
BECAUSE I'LL ONLY KILL YOU WHEN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE BLACK DAWN TERROR CELL.
NOW, LET'S GET STARTED.
WHAT--

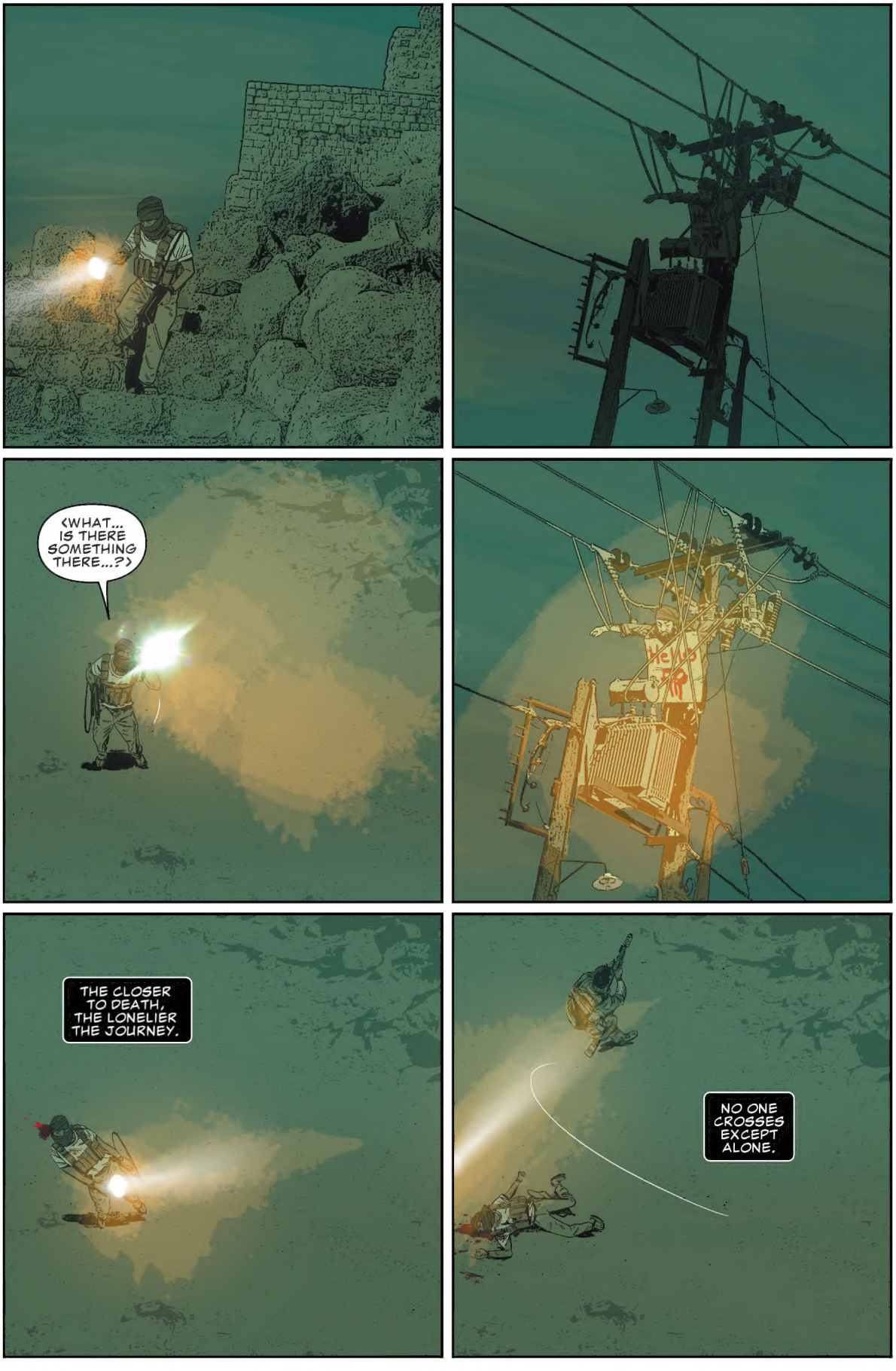
AAAAGH
BURNING FLESH AND RUBBER? THIS IS GOING TO SMELL WORSE THAN YOUR COOKING.
WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY ARE! THEY ARE RADICALS. THEY DO THEIR OWN THING. THEY LIKE TO SEND MESSAGES. THEY--
AGAIN
I'M LISTENING.
I D-D-D-D-DON'T HAVE ALL DAY.
I DON'T-- I CAN'T--I D-D-DON'T--
OKAY! OKAY!
ABOUT TIME.

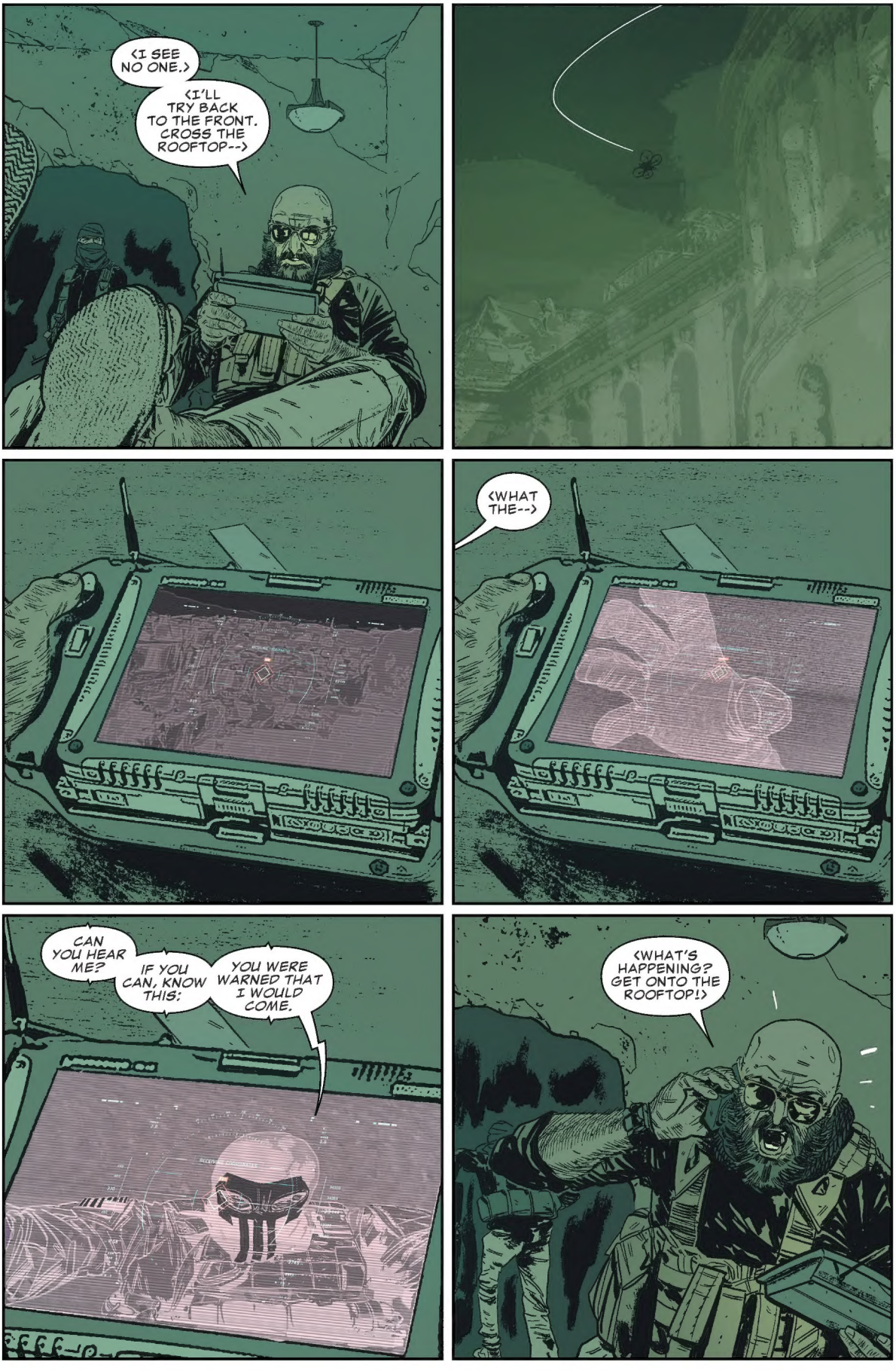
BUT I RFEFUSE TO CLIMB THE OTHER SHORE UNTIL I HAVE ENOUGH BODIES WITH ME TO PAY THE TOLL.

WE MUST PLAN TO GET THEIR ATTENTION.
WE MUST PLAN SOMETHING MORE EXTRAORDINARY.
CAN WE RISK THE ATTENTION? WE ARE SHADOW FIGHTERS.
WE ARE READY TO COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS.
OUR BLOODSPILL HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE WORLD'S END.
WE WILL SURVIVE THE APOCALYPSE, AND THE WORLD WILL BE OURS.
WE DON'T DO PETTY THINGS ANYMORE.
WHEN THE WEST'S DEFENDERS FALL, OUR EMPIRE WILL RISE.
PLAY ›
THEY ARE ABANDONING WAR HERE ALREADY. WHILE THEIR EYES ARE TURNED ELSEWHERE WE WILL BUILD UP--
‹SIR! THERE'S BEEN AN ATTACK.›
‹SIX KILLED IN TOWN.›
‹THEY WERE EXPENDABLE. INFORM THE GUARDS TO BE ALERT. SEND OUT THE DRONE.›


‹KHALID AND HIS TOYS...›
RECEIVING COORDINATES

‹SIR, SOMETHING IS WRONG OUTSIDE. SADIQ IS DEAD...›
‹SEND OUT ALL THE GUARDS. LINE THE YARD.›
‹AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN FORCES ARE RETREATING. THIS MUST BE LOCAL RESISTANCE. BUGS UNDER THE ROCKS.›
‹KILL THEM ANYWAY.›
‹WHAT THE...THE LIGHTS...›
‹GO NOW, FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE ELECTRICITY!›
‹IF SOMEONE IS OUT THERE, I WILL FIND THEM.›


‹WHAT... IS THERE SOMETHING THERE...?›
THE CLOSER TO DEATH, THE LONELIER THE JOURNEY.
NO ONE CROSSES EXCEPT ALONE.


〈I SEE NO ONE.〉
〈I'LL TRY BACK TO THE FRONT. CROSS THE ROOFTOP--〉
〈WHAT THE--〉
CAN YOU HEAR ME?
IF YOU CAN, KNOW THIS:
YOU WERE WARNED THAT I WOULD COME.
〈WHAT'S HAPPENING? GET ONTO THE ROOFTOP!〉

SKWCH
THESE MEN BELIEVE THEY ARE AGENTS OF DEATH.
THE TERRORISTS THINK THAT THEY BRING WAR.
BUT THEY DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE SPENT IN THE COMPANY OF DEATH AND WAR.
SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT, MOFFLY.
THEY DON'T KNOW...

...DEATH AND WAR ARE MY ALLIES.